### "FIVE LITTLE PEPPERS"

AND HOW THEY GREW UNDER THE PEN OF MARGARET SIDNEY.

Ber Real Name Is Margaret Lothrop, and ste Is Now Buslly Organising a Still Larger Family than the Pepper Family. and the Name of the New One Is "The Children of the American Revolution."

SARATOGA, July 11.-Mrs Pepper is here. Her pame isn't to be found on the hotel registers, but there are two very good reasons for that. In the first piace, her real name is Mrs. Daniel Lothrop, and, in the second place, she is visiting Mrs. J. R. McKee, Mrs. Lothrop came to Saratoga to attend the summer meeting of the Dangaters of the American Revolution, and incidentally to promote a little further her own pet organization, the Children of the American Revolution. She is as attractive a coman as there is to be found in the corridors
the United States Hotel, the headquarters of the Daughters, and she is simply besieved with people who want to talk to her about almost erers conceivable subject. THE SUN corre-

spondent, like the rest, bad one burning question to ask her, and it was this: Who were the five little Peppers, and how did they grow ?"

Perhaps some of "the grown-ups" will want to know who the Peppers are and what they hare to do with Mrs. Daniel Lothrop of Concord, Mass ; but the children won't be asking any such foolish questions. What! the five little Peppers? Polly and Phronsie and Joel and Ben and David? And Mrs. Pepper, who lived with her numerous progeny in "the little brown house" and had such a fathomiess mending basket? Every well-regulated child and many who were once well-regulated children, but are now buying books for their own little folks, know all about the Peppers and their ups and downs. There is not a more popular series of books for children than that one which is devoted to the chronicles of this highly interesting family, and it is because Mrs. Daniel Lothrop is the happy woman who wrote them that THE SUN correspondent put that question to her.

The five little Peppers are as real children as ever got inside of a book cover. They are so human, so companionable, that even printer's ink and the disadvantages of appearing serially in chapters could not make puppets out of them. Everybody who has formed the acquaintance of the Peppers believes them to be copied from real life; to have had prototypes in Mrs. Lothrop's family or among her neighbors, but when the reporter asked that question. Mrs. Lothrop shook her head.

"There never were any little Peppers." "Nor any little brown house?"

"Nor any little brown house."

She is very much like Phronsie."

"Didn't you ever see one after which you modelied the one in the story ?" "Never, except in my imagination,"

"And you did not copy the Peppers from your own children ?" I wasn't married when I began the stories On the contrary, Margaret, the only child I have, seems to have copied one of the little Peppers.

Then you just made up the Peppers out of whole cloth ?"

Yes. They simply grew out of my love for children and my desire to give them something to read which was based on real, not artificial, views of life. I lived with those children. As I drove about New Haven, where I then lived, and out into the country around there, I carried them with me. I tried to let them develop as naturally and as spontaneously as other children do. When I began, however, I had no idea of carrying on the stories as I have done. I thought the first book might be moderately successful, and I had no thought beyoud it. But I simply had to write the others because the children demanded them. I have received thousands of letters from children all ever the country. They always call me Mrs. Pepper, by the way, and will not believe that I haven't five children and that I don't live in a kttle brown house.

"And the letters do not come from the chil-Gren alone. I have had almost as many from the mothers, the poor, tired-out mothers of the land. I don't know what it is about the Pepbers that seems to appeal so strongly to everybody. People seem to take as much interest in them as if they were living human beings. I wish you could see the letters I received begging me with the most pathetic earnestness to let Phronsle die of the measles! The children wrote me scores of letters about it. They begged me to let Joel die, if any one had to. They said they never did like Joel any way: that he was a selfish little pig. and they couldn't bear it if I spared him and took Phronsie. And the mothers, too! There was one mother who had lost her only child, a little girl called Hilda, and she scemed to have taken Phronsie into her heart as, in some way, associated with her own child. She wrote and implored me not to let been an affliction as real, though not as deep, as

been an affliction as real, though not as deep, as the less of her own daughter."

"Are we to have any further continuation of the Pepper chronicles?"

"Yes, I am writing another book which will so on with the story of Phronsie. You know the others are grown up, but I have never taken Phronsie as far as the rest. She was only fifteen or sixteen when I left her in the books. The story will probably not be published before next spring. But, in the mean time, the other "Pepper books" are constantly in greater demand. I don't understand it; their sale is double or trable now what it was ten years again.

ago."
What are your methods of work?" "What are your methods of work?"

"Sometimes I write systematically, and then again I don't do anything for a long time. But I always have my work on my mind. This morning on the platform, "referring to a large gathering of the Children of the American Revolution. 'An idea came to me for a situation in the story about Phronsie, and as I sat there I planned the whole scheme of it. While I have been taking to you I have had a hint for shother situation. Before I sit down to write I always plan the work I mean to do. You show I live in Wayside, Hawthorne's old home, and very often I spend the mornings writing in the summer house which Hawthorne built. It has been kept in repair by one occupant of the place after another and ought to be an inspiring place to work in, simply because of its associations. The house, you know, is the one in which the "Little Women" lived from 1845 to 1852, seven important years in Louisa's life. They called the place Hillside, but Hawthorne shristened it Wayside. The name is still the same, while the place itself has been but little changed."
"How did you happen to select the name of

same, while the place itself has been but little changed."
"How did you happen to select the name of Pepper for that of your family?"
"Well, I thought it was unusual. I had never heard it, but have since heard from a man by that name. It is strange; you may try your best to devise some entirely new name or combination of names, but you will almost always find that some one in real life has suitcipated you. I wrote a story of old New England times, and in it was a character named, whose two names I selected quite at random. After the book came out I had a letter from a man up in New England asking me how in the world I had ever known his grandfather. It seems that I had not only hit upon the man's name, but had given ble very characteristics."

grandfather. It seems that I had not only hit upon the man's name, but had given his very characteristics."

Mrs. Lothrop's new family, the C. A. R., as it is familiarly known, was organized in the spring of 1856, and now bilds fair to be as popular as the sheelety of the Paughters or the American Revolution. For admission to the children's society no limit is set in the line of youthfulness; babies may be admitted at the request of their paresits and may grow on in the C. A. R. until they are old crough to graduate into the waiting ranks of the Sons and Daughters. The purposes of the society are set forth as follows:

1. The National Society of Children of the hembers may help forward to patriotism and good citzenship, not only those who are eligible to membership in it, but also those who are not eligible. Those who belong to it will not be true to their trusts as descendants of their broad-souled ancestors if they forget for a moment the many ways and means by which they can band loyether the active members and those others who, though ineligible, may be associated with them in patriotic work and onleaver. The local societies are expected to urge and invite to all public meetings all those children who want to go, no matter what their nationality is. These children are, perasps, just as patriotic as if their anceiry included the colonist and the Revolutionary solder, and they are expected to keep themselves in sympathy with the children who can claim acceptry connected with the samiy history of our country. One of the objects in starting this National Society is with the hope that it may form a nucleus for a patriotic organization that will interest all children and country of our country. One of the objects in starting this National Society is with the bope that it may form a nucleus for a patriotic organization that will interest all children and country of our country. One of the objects in starting this National Society is with the hope that it may form a nucleus for a patriotic organization that will in

claimed by very many persons well fitted to judge that our young people know more of an-cient and foreign history than they do of that

judge that our young people know more of ancient and foreign history than they do of that of their own country.

3. The inner workings of the local societies will result in the teaching of local history and of government, mational and municipal, while practical pleasure will be derived from party excursions to historical points. It is hoped that this will tend to impress indelibly the great lessons of our national history, together with the principles and institutions that made the country what it is. It is also one of the official duties to find out the boys and girls who helped forward the cause of independence. There are many such buried in history.

4. One of the reasons for starting the work of the public schools toward patriotism and good government; for those children who are not eligible for membership are to be gathered by the local societies into all its public meetings, into its plans, its work, its pleasures, so that the movement may be said to be one of the broadest and most beneficent to touch child life and the life of youth that has yet been started.

5. The Reading Circle devoted to American history in its various forms should be started in connection with the local society and under the ausgless of that society. Here the young people are gathered to practise the fine art of reading aloud, while at the same time they absorb the history of their own country. And after the

are gathered to practise the fine art of reading aloud, while at the same time they absorb the history of their own country. And after the reading is completed, if they so choose, the numbers of the circle play sames, adding the recreation they may need in their young lives. 6. The observance of all patriotic anniversaries in a reverent spirit; the familiarizing themselves with the Declaration of Independence; the Constitution of the United States, and other patriotic documents; the manufacing of our patriotic documents; the memorizing of our national songs; the love and reverence for the American flag; the following of the injunctions of Washington, who served his country in his youth—all of these are practical aims to hold up before the young neople until they are infused with a love for, and a desire for, good citizenship.

Ship.

The officers of the National Society are:
President—Mrs. Daniel Lothrop, the Wayside.

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Vice-Presidents—Mrs. John W. Foster, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. Mary Harrison McKee, Indianapolis, Ind.; Mrs. Henry F. Blount, Washington, D. C.; Miss Amelia S. Knight, Providence, R. L.; Miss Julia E. Smith, Westerly, R. L.; Mrs. James Lyons, Richmond, Va.; Mrs. T. H. Alexander, Washington, D. C.
Treasurer—Mrs. Violet Blair Janin, Washington, D. C. Secretary-Mrs. Charles A. Mann, Washington, D. C. Registrar--Mrs. Rosa Wright Smith, Washngton, D. C. Chaplain-Mrs. Teunis S. Hamlin, Washing Chaplain—Mrs. Teunis S. Hamlin, Washington, D. C.

The State Promoters of the Society are to be chosen carefully from among the representative men and women of each State. Mrs. Mary Harrison McKee is to secure those from five of the Western States, while the work of districting the entire country is being given into wise hands.

The list of those already chosen, who have accepted includes such paragraphs.

cepted, includes such names as;
Mr. John Fiske, Ph. D., LL. D.
Mrs. Gov. Greenhalge of Massachusetts.
The Rev. Francis E. Clark D. D.
The Rev. E. Winchester Donald, D. D., rector

The Rev. S. F. Smith, D. D., author of "America".

The Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, President New York Sons of the American Revolution.

Ex-Senator Nathan Dixon and Mrs. Dixon of Rhode Island.

The Hon. Jonathan Trumbull of Connecticut,
The Rev. S. F. Smith, D. D., author of "America". The Hon, Frank A. Hill, Secretary Massachu-

The Rev. S. F. Smith, D. D., author of "America."

The Hon. Frank A. Hill, Secretary Massachusetts Board of Education.

The Rev. William Copley Winslow, President Egypt Exploration Fund.

At Mrs. Lothrop's request John Fiske, the eminent historian, prepared a list of books for the use of the C. A. R. in their patriotic studies. Probably a good many others will be glad to avail themselves of his augesations.

"For readers," he says, "who have access to fsirly large public libraries there is no better way to study the subject than to take Winsor's "Reader's Handbook of the American Revolution, and look up, so far as possible, all the references of which that handbook consists.

"A good course of general reading on the subject is as follows: Fiske's War of Independence: Fiske's American Revolution, 2 vols.; Fiske's Uritical Period of American History; Greeve's Historical Viewof the American Revolution; Lecky's History of England in the Eigliteenth Century, S vols., especially the Chapters on American affairs: Fring's Life of Washington, 5 vols.; Scudder's George Washington, Lodge's George Washington, 1 Lodge's George Washington, 2 vols.; Morse's Franklin: Morse's John Adams; Hesmer's Thomas Hutchinson in press; Hutchinson's Diary and Letters, 2 vols.; Frothingham's Joseph Warren: Frothingham's Rise of the Republic: Tyler's Patrick Henry; Stille's John Dickinson: Familiar Letters of John Adams to His Wife; Moultrie's Memoirs of the America: Revolution, 2 vols.; Fonblanque's Memoirs of John Burgoyne; Stone's Campaign of Gen. John Burgoyne; Stone

### CHONNY MEETS HIS SPIRIT.

An Episode of Social Intercourse at Staten Island Piente Park.

She was from the east side, fair of figure and countenance, with hazel-brown eyes and lightbrown hair shaded with just a tinge of auburn. which was carefully combed up behind, making the contour of her head attractive. She wore a cheap shirt waist with green and white strines, a white butterfly tle, and a black figwite satin hand rested jauntily on her head. She stood up on a grassy mound at the plenic grounds, where she caught the eye of Chonny McCue, who, with his chum, Mikey Farrel, had wandered into the picnic in the hope of "catching on" and having a dance. It was at one of those Staten Island picnic parks so popular with city folks in the lower wards who want to have a whole lot of fun for a very little money. Chonny was togged out in his Sunday best. He were light trousers with a very bright blue serge coat and walstcoat, a straw hat with a bright red and white striped band. a bright blue necktie, and yellow shoes. Flip-

a bright blue necktie, and vellow shoes. Flipping away the stump of a cigarette, he said:
"Mikey, I've found me spirit. Watch me while I git tegether."
He started up the mound at a slow pace. She saw him coming toward her and nodded her head slightly in response to a nod from him. Then she turned her head away; but Chonny, encouraged by the nod, marched bravely up, "Scare ne." said he, with uplifted hat and a short, jerky bow, but did'nt I collide wid you at Newport last summer?"
"Maybe you did but I was 'nt there." said she, biting her lip in an altempt to conceal a smile.

she, biting her lip in an attempt to conceat a smile.

"nat's how I come ter meet yer," said Chonny, griming broadly.

"You don't sagonhiate so?" she retorted.

This was a new one on Chonny, and he was stumped for a moment; but his ready wit actued him the next as he blurted:

"Say, Mamie, what is yer first name, anyheiped him the 'Say, Mamie, what is yer made 'Say, Mamie, what is yer made 'Say, Mamie, what is yer made 'Why, it's Susio-bow did yer guess it?"

"Why, it's Susja-how did yer guess it?"
Then they both laughed.
"Well, how are yer on der swing?" said
Chonny, pointing to a soup swinging from a
near-by tree.
"Oh, I'm a good thing; just push me along,"
said she, and Chonny just fell in alongside
ber and led her over to the soup.
He fifted her on the seat and was soon
swinging her industriously. Their introduction had been accomplished.

## BUTTERFLIES AN ORNAMENTS.

Beautiful Specimens Cultivated in Captivity for Becorative Purposes. One of the new and curious fads is the treat ment of beautiful butterflies, not as objects of scientific interest, but as decorative articles. When a valuable collection of mounted butter flies was sold recently, handsome specimens were bought by various persons, not with the intention of making them features of a butterfly collection, but zolely for the sake of the inheren-

beauty of the butterflies.

A comparatively recent invention for mounting and exhibiting insects has made it easy to use butterflies in this fashion. Handsome moths and butterdies are new mounted upon plaster of paris tiles, each tile having a depression for receiving the body of the insect. The mounted insact is covered with a glass plate of the same size and shape as the plaster, and glass and plaster are firmly held together by strips of paper pasted on. In some instances, for glass and plaster are firmly first series of paper justed on. In some instances, for better decorative effect, the plaster is gilded. No lettering or numbering appears upon the visible surface. On the pasteboard back of the plaster tile is written the scientific name of the plaster tile is written the scientific name of the butterfly, together with whatever account of the insects and habits may be desired.

As some of the tropical butterflies are of rare beauty, the decorative effect of the insects when thus mounted for exhibition is very striking, and three or four disposed about a room attract much attention and interest. This fad is less costly than many others. Specimen butterflies of rare beauty may be had at from \$2 to \$5, and the mounting does not add materially to their cost. Many are not only beautiful, but also valuable as illustrating the effects of evolution. The non-scientific interest in butterflies is likely to increase the demand for handsome varieties. Those from India and Brazit are especially prized for their beauty. As there is great danger that the perfect butterfly will be injured when captured, butterflies are now cultivated in capitivity, especially to supply the demand for interesting specimens.

# SOME SENTIMENTAL FADS.

TROPHIES WHICH GIRLS AND TOUNG MEN GATHER.

The Lady-killer Who Appropriates Persanal Property and Sensis of His Conquests-Gloves, Handkerchieft, Spoons, and Other Objects Collected-Bookbinding and Sentiment Combined.

"The fine frenzy of the following of a foolish fad"-that is the way one girl describes the emoions with which she views the queer collection of things strung along the walls of her room. It is a peculiar disease, this fine frenzy. Most of its victims are young women, and it generally goes pretty hard with them while it lasts, The battered pigskin which the malden's hero has kicked for a winning goal at football, the pennant which was first at the mark in a boat of a college coach, the cricket bat, the baseball mask-these are some of the dainty souvenirs with which the up-to-date girl adorns her white

Mamma and papa sigh uncomprehendingly. tis true; but the other girls are filled with envy. and the boys think she is a brick, and so the contagion spreads. It isn't the girls alone who are the victims, either. The fad fever attacks ome young men, and in a more malignant form, oo, than it does the girls. It seems to be a feature of the disease that the sterner the sex is, the

onder and more foolish is the fad. Of course, sentiment is really inside of that herished pigekin in the girt's boudoir, bu you won't find any girl making a collection of the half-worn gloves and handkerchiefs, the faded umbrellas and down-at-the-heel slippers of her masculine friends. Cast-off clothing doesn't seem to appeal to her as it does to the nan faddist. He revels in wrinkled handker chiefs, gloves which show signs of having been worn, and discarded parasols. The man with the most comprehensive lay-out of such articles easily imagines that his reputation as a lady killer is established. He moons over them when the fellows are around. He looks unutterable things as he furls and unfurls a fan, and he gives the impression that he could a tale unfold of what took place under the shadow of that rose-colored parasol which hangs spread over the corner of his divan (men with such collections always have divans), but

discretion forbids him to speak.

Sometimes his love of himself and his desire o appear as a conquering hero is too strong for him, and then there is no more contemptible or deadly an enemy to innocence than he is. He takes his collection, item by item, and he romances to his heart's content over it. The way he pressed the hand which once occupied this glove or received a stealthy and flattering pressure "Gad! I was never more surprised in my life!"-from the wearer of this other; the tears of disappointed love-"and, upon my soul! I never gave the girl one shadow of encouragement "-which had been dried with this filmy kerchief; the flirtation which had gone on under that parasol-"I tell you, that girl was just a little too strong for even yours truly!"the time he tied that slipper—no words this time, but a reflective smile and a long pause.

If only these combinations of silk and muli and leather or whatever they may be could speak! It seems almost strange that the hand-kerchief does not stuff itself into his mouth and choke him, the glove take him by the throat, the parasol berate him across the shoulders, and the slipper administer a kick out of all proportion to its slenderness. Deliberate theft probably is at the bottom of his possession of everyt'ing except the slipper. That may have needed bribing of a small brother, or flattery may have gained it from the girl who likes to hear that she has the smallest foot which the con-

uering hero ever saw. There is nothing easier than for a young man o acquire a collection of such apparent sonvenirs. To pick up a handkerchief and put it into one's pocket instead of restoring it to its owner is the simplest thing in the world. The party glove which is taken off for supper is just as easily appropriated. Any young man of ordinary shrewdness can manage to break the stick of a fan, and, if his conscience isn't too tender, say that he will get it mended, and-add it to his collection.

"I'm getting sick of this," said one girl to a

"What's the matter?"
"Well, Dick Brown carried off one of m party gloves at the dance last night, and it's the third pair I've had broken in as many weeks, "Why didn't you tell him to give it back?" I did."

"What's that?"

"Well, you know party gloves cost between \$3 and \$5 a pair, and as I have to get them out of my allowance, it makes quite an item. I fost so many through the boys stealing them that I just couldn't stand it. If they'd only take the different hands occasionally, so that you could match up the odd ones left, why, it wouldn't be so bad! But I niways take off the same glove when it comes to supper, and so it goes. Finally I told my father that he'd have to give me more miney, and he wanted to know why, and I told him. He said he would attend to it. He made me tell him who had taken my gloves and then he sent a bill to each of the boys.

"Goodness!"

and then he sent a bill to each of the boys.

"Goodness!"

"Yes, I was awfully mortified at first, but I concluded that if the boys didn't care for anything about me except my gloves they might as well go, anyway.

"I don't think papa would ever do it."

"Well, you might try another plan. When you go to a party carry one of the odd gloves you have left and make 'emtake that."

"But I don't want them to have any at all."

thing about me except my gioves they might as well go, sonyway.

"Well, you might try another plan. When you go to a party carry one of the old gloves you have left and make em take that."

"Well, you might try another plan. When you go to a party carry one of the old gloves you have left and make em take that."

"When take it was by mis force. How are you off for handkerchief?"

"On don't ask me! You remember those levely Swiss embroidered ones that Aunt Mary brought me from Europe?"

"You don't mean to say they're gone!"

"All but one out of the haif dozen. Aunt Mary is ceming next week, and will be sure to ask me about them.

This, if the truth were only known, is the inside history of many of these sentimenial collections. Of course, it isn't always so. When a collection is a true faddist he is very likely to win the sympathy and interest of his girl friends. For listance, if he is making a collection of handkerchiefs, he will not lack for free-will offerings. It is quite different, so the girl knowns, to contribute along with all the rust of the girls, and she will strict a point to make her particular gift either costly or original. One young man also of rail face; some were made by the deft fingers of the donor herself, and are vaguely described by the young man as "drawn work"; one of them is a chill's Mother Goose kerchief, with bright red, green, and blue illustrations of the Old Woman Who Lived in the Shoe, and other well-known jingles; a good many are of silk, upon which have been photographed the more or less pretty girls who gave them; one is made from a lace tree, and is a souvenir brought back from a girl's travels; another, an embroidered slik one, came across the seas to him from a steamer acquaintance who went to Japan; another is a big. bright colored bandanna from a girl who lives 'way down South in Dirke, and still another is a big. Singht colored bandanna from a girl who lives 'way down South in Dirke, and still another is a big. Singht colored by the season in the manuface of the familia

easion was an oyster supper. At first I intended to have an oyster engraved upon the bowl and send it back to the society as a delicate hint, but I needed it in my collection."

He seeded it in my collection. The seeded is the my collection of the seeded with the collection of buckles which another college man possesses. This collection really has some intrinsic value and interest, saids from the associations which go with it. There are buckles of gold and of sliver, of pearl and of lett, a turquoise backle from Florence: a coral of the seeded of the seeded from the associations which go with it. There are buckles of gold and of sliver, of pearl and of lett, a turquoise backle from Florence: a coral of the seeded from the associations which go with it. There are buckles of gold and of sliver, of pearl and of lett, a turquoise backle from Florence: a coral of the seeded from the see joys and sorrows and a reader of his books, those bindings will create a little curiosity in the mind of his wife. What if, after all these hours of study and comparison, these days spent over tea tables and these weary nights in the ballroom, all in the hope of surprising a coincidence between leather, literature, silk, and spirit, all those bindings should have to be altered, and samples of the bride's wedding gowns take the place of those laboriously chosen triumphs of insight and comparison. Then the fad would have come to maught that's all; still, as that is the ordinary fate of fads, it might not be such a dreadful thing any way.

growing trees that I know of. Originally it came; from China, and was brought to this part of the country about fifty years ago, when there was a craze for raising silkworms. Since that time it has been much neglected, but there are many places like my own part of the country upon the Shrowsbury River where it has found a congenial soil and climate and

the country upon the Shrewsbury River where it has found a congenial soil and climate and now grows wild.

"I have one white mulberry tree. Five years ago it was only about six feet tall, with a trunk not bigger than a broomstick. To-day it is thirty feet tall, and its handsome slobular head has a diameter of about twenty-five feet. It is a pretty tree, with its shiny leaves and its close foliage, and makes a shelter which the birds love; but it is when the fruit ripens that the tree becomes the strongest drawing attraction for them. The fruit is about three-quarters of an inch long and mawkishly sweet to our human taste, but there seems to be hardly one of our small native birds that does not love it. The fruit began to ripen about, June 15 this year, and ever shice then there hasn't been a minute of the day when there wasn't at least one bird in the tree. To one who is not conversant with he great variety of our native birds it is a revelation to watch them come after a taste of the swest fruit. There are cathirds and robins, sparrows of nore kines than you have fingers and tee, warblers and vieros, and even hummingbirds. The fruit will last until about July 10 or 15.

"The white mulberry furnishes another source of delight to the birds, which is not so much a matter of pleasure to its owner. This is because its leaves are exceedingly toothsome to

"The white mulberry furnishes another source of delight to the birds, which is not so much a matter of pleasure to its owner. This is because its leaves are exceedingly toothsome to some of the caterpillars, and particularly to the tent caterpillar. The elder, the mulberry, and the apole tree are favorites of this worm. I have some colonies of caterpillars on my mulberry tree, but, thanks to the same birds which eat the fruit, the worms are also zoon caten, and not a single colony of the worms has so far got beyond the twig it originated upon before its members were snapped up as choice Horsels by the colony of birds."

"And do you have English sparrows?"

"Certainly: a large flock of them. They live in the wistaria vines and nest under the caves of the barn.

"And do they not drive away the other birds?"

"No, nor do I telleve that they have done so anywhere. It is true that there are now many places where none of our native birds is left, and that in these same places the English snarrows abound, and this has given rise to a hellef that the other birds have been driven away by them; but I have never seen the native birds worsted by them. On my little place they all exist together and in harmony. The robins are more quarrelseme than the English snarrows. I believe that if careful observations were made it would be found that where the native birds have disappeared it was the result of other causes, and that the English sparrows remained simply because they do not mind things which would drive all the wild birds far off. Feople and cats and lack of shade and fruit are notent reasons for the departure of the wild birds, cats especially."

From the Lendon I ally Iclegraph.

The steamer Calabar, from West Africa, has brought into Liverpeol a baby hippoperamus. The animal is about three or four feet high and four or five feet long, and is only three months old. It is so tame that with evident relish it permits strangers to rub its nose. The capture of the hippopotamus was brought about in an ingenious manner. It seems that it was born in the upper reaches of the Gambia lilver, West Africa. It is outstomary for the male to eat the young, and to prevent this the mather assaily secretes her offspring. The present infant was placed by the mother in a hole dug on the banks of the river, being afterward covered by weeds and grass. This operation was watched by the natives of the village adjacent, and when the mather went to the opposite side of the river to feed they pounced on and secured their youthful prize. This was done by evering the haby with a net and securing it with ropes. They brought that capture with all possible speed to the village and sold it to a trader, who was a passenger in the Calabar. The animal is in good condition, though its hide bears traces of the ropes that bound it when first captured and when its coat was tender. Its quarters on the voyage were a large crate, and its chief food grass and vegetables.

MEXICO'S "LITTLE LADY."

UPS AND DOWNS OF NUESTRA SENORA DE LOS REMEDIOS.

Little Image of the Virgin Brought Over by a Follower of Cortex, Whose Credit Was Injured by Politics-Rain that Followed a Service at Her Shrine After a Long Drought a Boom for Her.

Maxico, June 29 .- A special service to pray for rain at the shrine of Nuestra Sellora de los Remedies has been followed by a plenteous downpour, and so the fame of the shrine is proportionately greater. Yesterday the sun rose over the valley of Mexico with a clear, keen, steady brightness that caused the old people to shake their heads. It was a day that made the weather prophets bide themselves in despair; a dawning that once more painted on the steel-blue sky the words of watch all the land had weeks ago grown weary-"No rain." Everywhere the pulque fields and the corn lands lay cracked and seamed with the long, steady, scorching heat of the tropical sun. One who has lived long in Mexico learns

instinctively to tell when the rain is coming, for the atmosphere, which is very sensitivo, owing to the great elevation of the valley, becomes heavy and oppressive often many hours before the rain comes. The winds from the Gulf drive the clouds up from the east, and with them comes the rain. Ther, fore, if the clouds are seen in the east in the morning. even in the faintest gray line, this is a sure eign of coming rain, especially if they climb up before noen and cluster around the bold, clear-cut, shining, snow-capped tops of Popocatepetl and Ixtaccihuatl. The old people will tell you that the rain never comes without first painting its weather sign in the eastern sky. If you ask a peasant of the valley if it is going to rain he will first look toward the two great mountains that tower 10,000 feet above his head, and after he has studied them carefully for a minute or two, he will give you his opinion without any hesitation, for the simple reason that he has none in his own mind. If the mountains are clouded however little, that to him is a sure sign of rain; if not, then not a drop will come to refresh the valley that day.

Yesterday there was not a handful of cloud of even the fleeclest kind to be seen in the say until long past midday. From sunrise until the middle of the afternoon a curtain of the deadest steel blue stretched taut above the valley. And the little gusts of wind from time to time blew the thick dust up in white clouds that crept into the eyes of the foot passengers and nearly blinded them. On the eides of the foothills the great maguey plants, that suck their life from the volcanic ash lands, had begun to hang their thick, fleshy-leaved heads. And when the maguey plants cry for rain then indeed is the drought upon the land.

But all this time a curious ceremony was going on in the little old historic church of Los Remedios, perched like a crow's nest away up upon the side of the mountain, some twenty miles to the northwest of the city of Mexico. Here is housed what was once the most famous saint in the republic, Nuestra Seffora de los Remedios. This is a little wooden image of the Virgin, less than a foot long. Though it is so little, it has played an interesting part in the history of Mexico since the coming of the first Spaniards. Yesterday thousands of people from all over the republic sent up their prayers to the little image of Our Lady of Succor that she would remember them as she had done in the past and send them the rain to gladden their parened fields; for such a drought as there has been upon the land for the past eight months has not been felt in Mexico for many years. There is tradition on the upland plateaux that the sowing season closes with the present month. It is never thought safe

coincidence between leather, literature, sit, and spirit, all those bindings should have to one's pocket instead of restoring it to its to one's pocket instead of restoring it to its to one's pocket instead of restoring it to its to one's pocket instead of restoring it to its to one's pocket instead of restoring it to its to one's pocket instead of restoring it to its to one's pocket instead of restoring it to its to one's pocket instead of restoring it to its to one's pocket instead of restoring it to its to one's pocket instead of restoring it to its spirit, all those bindings should have do on the price of the brido's wedding gowns take the place of those laboriously the germination of the grain. But this year the government of the present month. It is never thought safe to sow unless there is plenty of rain to insure the spirit, all those bindings should have do non-parked to the brido's wedding gowns take the place of those laboriously the grain. But this pear the grain is plenty of rain to insure the spirit, all those bindings should have do non-parked to the brido's wedding gowns take the place of those laboriously the grain in the present month. It is never thought safe to sow unless there is plenty of rain to insure the spirit, all those bindings should have do unparked. But this pear the grain is plant to gowns take the place of those laboriously the grain in the present month. It is never thought safe to sow unless there is plenty of rain to insure the spirit. The sow in the present month. It is never thought safe to sow unless there is plenty of rain to insure the present month. It is never thought safe to sow unless there is plenty of rain to insure the spirit. The safe the grain the grain. But this spirit, all those deal adouncant the place of the grain. But this spirit, all those deal adouncant the place of the grain. But this spirit, all those diables and the place of the grain the grain. But this spirit is all those deal adouncant the grain the grain the grain the grain the grain the grain the

eved lavishly with silver work. The image, which appeared to be from eight to ten inches long, was standing erect upon a half moon and holding in its arms a tiny figure of the infant Christ. Both the Child and the Virgin have long, flowing half.

When the procession was over, the sun looked down as pitilessly into the court yard of the church as it had continued to do for weeks past, but during the evening rain fell in torreuts and the faith of the believers is proportionately strengthened.

The legend of the little image of Totoltepec is quaint and curious. It is as follows: The hill of Totoltepec, on the coming of the Spaniards, was an Othomi stronghold. On its rugged, lava-scamed heights was a great building, half temple, half fortrees, which was dedicated to the worship of Otomcapulco, who is more generally known by his Aztec name of Tialoctianmanaqui, the god of the rains, and his royal sister. Chalchiuhtilyone, the spirit of the waters. The former held dominion over the water that came from the heavens, and the latter ruled the running streams and the tides of the sea. In pre-Spanish times a great feast lasting a whole mouth was held in honor of these two gods, as which hundreds of human sacrifices were offered. This worship extended to the seacoast on both sides of the mountains.

Shortly after his first entrance into the an-

losing party. As she had ever shown herealf partial to the cause of the Seaniards it was but natural that her sid should be invoked by those who were upholding the cause of Spain in the New World; and so Nuestra Señora de los Remedios was made general of the Spain in the New World; and so Nuestra Señora de los Remedios was made general of the Spain is harmles in New Spain in opposition to the Virgin of Guadalupe, who was the declared patroness of the revolutionary wars were ended the feeling against Spain naturally ran high, and so an order was passed to expel La Virgen de los Remedios from the country. But this order was never carried out. Though she has been suffered to remain, her fame has ever since been eclipsed by that of Our Lady of Guadalupe, who is very dear to the hearts of the Mexican people, who are strongly patrolic in their feelings. The latter achieved her chief triumph last rear, when she was crowned solemnly as the patron saint of Mexico by a representative of the Pope, sent all the way from Roine for that particular purpose. On that occasion fully haif a million people visited the shrine in the little village of Guadalupe, and fully as many more went to pray at the sanctuary during the religious services in honor of the event, which lasted throughout the month.

But though the lustre of the glory of Our Latter Search and a hare which most of us have detested from the days of early youth. The

henor of the event, which lasted throughout the month.

But though the lustre of the glory of Our Lady of Succor is dimmed she has still many young admirers, chief among whom are the remnants of the old imperialist party; and every good Catholic in Mexico is willing to admit her wonderful power over he rivers and the rain, which she usurped from the ancient Atzec gods of the foods and the storms. And so she still continues to inhabit the bare, damp-stained, smoke-colored walls of the ancient, half-ruined sanctuary on the hill of Potoltepec, that, as you approach it from the city, looks more like some stern old German castle on its embattled heights than one of the most famous of the Christian churches of Mexico. Outside, over the main churches of the Virgin, buffeted and scratched by the rude hands of time. This image, that must once have stood resplendent in purple and gold, now looks sorrowfully down with her one remaining eye upon the ruins of the courtyard that is scarcely less ruined and battered than herself. Here for three centuries and a quarter she watched the poor Indian pill-grims that came to the shrine in the days of its prosperity. Now the great sheds are a mass of ruins, and the carved posts that once supported the deserted and ruined courtyard.

### TESTING COFFEE.

The Educated Taste of the Expert and the Method in Which He Uses It.

The coffee expert was clearly in a good humor when he got around to his second cup of offee at dinner and was perfectly willing to tell some of the secrets of his trade when asked how he and his fellow experts distinguished one grade or kind of coffee from another.

"It is easy enough to make the coarser dis tinctions." he said. "I could teach a person in a very little while to tell a Java from a Maracaibo or a Maracaibo from a Rio; but when it comes to making the distinctions which are required in the trade it is a different matter It takes years of practice, and that even would be of no avail without having a natural taste and antitude for it. Then it becomes a life work. The curious thing about it all is that there is absolutely no standard by which the work is done.

"If one were assorting linens, one guide to quality would be the number of threads to the quare inch and then would come the character of the threads and of the weave. Every quality which makes up value is in sight and one may learn to know these positively. But when you come to judge coffee, it is like judging a picture or a poem. Every expert must

variation in the prices set by all of more than one-quarter of a cont a pound.

"At the same time if you could make a photograph or mechanical diagram of each man's idea of standard taste for coffee, it would probably be found that the standards were as various as the number of men and were many of them wide apart. Except as to Java, there is nothing to offer as a guide. Java is peculiar to itself.

colliar to itself.

"The only traders who test coffee are the large wholesale dealers. The importer does not need to test it except for his own information" because it makes no difference to him what the flavor is. He simply sells it for the best price which we wholesalers will give in competition with one another. To us, although we are not going to use a bit of it, the flavor of the coffee is of vital business importance. Our success in trade depends largely upon our ability to select for stock coffees which will not vary from year to year in flavor, in

our ability to seiset for stock collect which in interest, or in roasting qualities, and then from the stock thus carefully selected to be collected to be stock thus carefully selected to be collected to be the titles of the sea. In pr-Spanish times pread resal sailing a whole mouth was held in great from a sacrifices were offered. This worship extended to the reaccost on both sides of the two proposed of the short of the control of the short of the

sometimes I do not find one and have to been the hunt for samples all over again. This same process is repeated with every buying, and often when we are matching a sample for a customer when we are matching a sample for a customer when we are selling again.

"A coffee taster has to take great care of his senses of taste and smell, for the moment they go to playing him tricks his business will be rained."

Ice Boxes for Cat Flowers.

Florists keep their reserve stock of cut flowers in ice boxes, having the door opening in front. Sometimes the door is made with glass panels through which the flowers may be seen. The larger ice boxes of the wholesale dealer in cut flowers are in dimensions more like a deep, good-sized closet. The door is sufficiently high so that one may step through it into the interior to select the flowers required. Flowers are brought from the greenhouses of the greaters to the wholesale dealers in the city parked in boxes made for the purpose, but without tee. The distances of comparatively short, the flowers are brought by express and handled-spinckly, and is an opaper to preserve it.

\*\*Sometimes the door is sufficiently high so that one may step through it into the interior to select the flowers required. Flowers are brought by express and handled-spinckly, and is an opaper to preserve it.

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detested from the days of early youth. The two creatures started a race, you remember, and the hare gained so long a lead that he reflected on the crime of overexertion and stretched himself out for a nap. Meanwhilethe tortoise-exemplary creature-slept not, but went steadily forward and won the race. One's sympathies incline, perhaps, toward the hare. There is surely much to be said in his behalf. We feel, in these July days, that good sense is on his side. Yet the result was undeniably in favor of the tortoise, and we are forced to acknowledge that the hare, if he races again, must either persuade the tortoics to be sensible and sleep too, or he must reserve his own napping until the finish of the course. Had his rival been not a tortoise, but a quick little squirrel, for example, one who could move quite as fast as the hare, and who had merely been delayed by a fondness for darting from the path to explore the beauty of the woodlands, how much more disastrous would have been the hare's defeat!

A man differs from a hare in several particulars, we grant. He is not so graceful, and he is less liberally endowed with legs, but there is resemblance in this; when once he has put himself ahead he does like to take a little rest. Verily, there is danger that while men are resting women will outstrip in the race for power. It is significant, if somewhat amusing, to note at the feast of suffrage questions the statement that woman, powerless, is at present oppressed by man, sitting cheerily, cheek by lowl, with the other statement that woman is superior being. Without discussing a question so delicate and so impossible as the ne aroused by the latter statement we may all perhaps agree that the mere fact that the statement is made at all in tones that are serious, not merely flattering, is interesting, because it indicates a distinctly new situation. Such & statement would not have been uttered seriously by any one a half century ago.

Progress is a word whose import varies with the listener and whose true meaning must, as it seems, lie beyond our grasp until we can learn the whole scheme of creation. Whatever its final meaning may reveal itself to be,

learn the whole scheme of creation. Whatever its final meaning may reveal itself to be,
progress certainly implies change, and if we
test the progress of the sexes by the changes
in the sexes as we test the progress of the race
by the changes in the race, then women are progressina, more rapidly than men. There is
more difference between the woman of to-day
and her grandmother than between the man
of to-day and his grandfather. The woman is
stronger physically than her grandmother,
She can walk further, row further, lift more,
wear fewer wraps, and require fewer salts
bottles than her grandmother, or even her
mother, did at ner age. Her nerve and her
sight are better than theirs.
She can drive a nall more truly and behave
better upon a runaway horse than they were
ever able to do. Her mind also is trained to
more accurate reasoning than were theirs
before her. All of this is true, not because
she started with any more abilities, out because she has been trained with reference to
these things. She goes off for long tramps,
has her own canoe, is a frequent attendant as
the gymnasium, and is made to work at her
Greek and Latin and mathematics. Her
brother, on the other hand, is walking over
much the same ground that his father trod
before him, and the walk is affecting him
much as it affected his father. The opportunities before the woman have change
more than those before the man, and she,
making better use of her opportunities that
he of his. The mere fact that the possilift is a new chance for the woman. Hence
we find the number of college women increasing ...nually much more rapidly than
the number of college men, and the work of women in college is, as a rule, more serious than
the work of college men. In each new busiwe find the number of college women in-creasing annually much more rapidly than the number of college men, and the work of wo-men in college is, as a rule, more serious than the work of college men. In each new busi-ness or profession upon which women enter, the consciousness that they are beginners and are being observed as such acts upon them as a sour to make them try their hardest. This persistent endeavor must in the end prove-successful.

There may be a question which is greater, the power upon the throne, or the power behind it.

power upon the throne, or the power bahind it.
The power upon the throne has one certain advantage. It holds its position by virtue of heredity and law, while the power behind is usually a matter of tact and smiles. A woman's power hitherto, has been largely of this nature an influence as great, perhaps, as a corner in wheat, but less definitely to be reckoned upon in its effects. Fine woman is scarcely to be blamed, perhaps, if she wishes to exchange it wheat, but less definitely to be reckoned upon in its clicits. The woman is scarcely to be blanned, perhaps, if she wishes to exchange it for what seems to her to be a more stable article. We may say all we like ebout the false political economy of the cituation—may prove by conclusive ingures that if women would stay at home the effect upon men's wazes and household management would be such that a large increase in the sum total of human happiness would result. The question of the "sum total" seems to trouble the average woman much less than the particular share in that sum which she, and perhaps her immediate family are to receive, and the fact remains that a constantly increasing number of women are manifesting their preference for the "house-building" division of the "home-making" labor. These women are working intelligently and with perseverence, and nothing but superiority in workmanship will in the end decide which set is to be the provider and which the distributer of household necessities. Success is an absolute test of the filness of a person to a work.

If women are displacing men as typewriters it is because they meet better the requirements for typewriting. If they do not do such good work and still succeed, it is because such good work and still succeed, it is because such good work and still succeed, it is because such good work and still succeed, it is because such good work and still succeed, it is because such good work and still succeed, it is because such good work and still succeed, it is because such good work and still succeed, it is because such good work and still succeed, it is because such good work and still succeed, it is because such good work and still succeed, it is because such good work and still succeed, it is because such good work and still succeed, it is because such good work and still succeed, it is because such good work and still succeed, it is because such good work and still succeed, it is here and professions are as yes practically untried by women. Wherever women ha

Parts of One of the City's Busiest Streets That Are Thus Beeribed.

Those parts of widened West street, which have been filled in are known along the river as "The Farm," The Farm extends for blocks continuously in some places, where the improvement has been completed, or it may be in patches, with sections of the street where the old bulkhead line has not yet been carried out. intervening. The Farm is simply the wide, open space along the bulkhead side of the street, in front of the pler sheds. The space immediately in front of a steamship pier, for